

Gc  
929.2  
W86wo







Gc



Gc  
929.2  
W86wo

70C0052

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

0













Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2019

<https://archive.org/details/thewoodruffamil00wood>











THE WOODRUFF FAMILY

An Account

of

John Finley Woodruff  
Albert H. Woodruff  
Mary Woodruff Rogle



**Allen County Public Library**  
**Ft. Wayne, Indiana**



Our Great great grandfather, David Woodruff, was born in Bridgetown, New Jersey, the county seat of Cumberland, in 1742 and died there July 5, 1822. We understand that he was a revolutionary soldier and served under Ethan Allen.

His son David II was born in Bridgetown, November 12, 1773, and died in Muskingum County, Ohio, March 23, 1845. He was married first to Hannah Padget, who was born April 27, 1777 and married David Woodruff on March 17, 1795. They had one son, R. D., born February 18, 1796. Hannah died April 25, 1796.

David Woodruff II, married for his second wife the widow of Nathan Finley whose maiden name was Lovine Dare. She was a Virginian and was born January 17, 1771, and had two children by her first marriage. Their names were Tannon, born June 28, 1789, and Lovine, born October 1, 1791. She married David Woodruff October 23, 1797, and to this union was born a son, Nathan Finley Woodruff, October 26, 1798. He was our grandfather. His mother died December 7, 1798.

Deborah Mulford, who was born January 27, 1776, was the third wife of David Woodruff II, and to this union was born the following nine children:

Stephen M.-- born August 12, 1801, drowned July 4, 1823.

Hannah-- born September 21, 1803.

Temala-- born March 30, 1805, died May 7, 1805

Noah-- born January 3, 1807, died October 26, 1808

Rachel-- born February 2, 1809

Phebe-- born January 23, 1801

David-- born February 1, 1813

Julius C.-- born June 18, 1816

Lovine D.-- born March 11, 1819

Jane-- illegitimate daughter of Hannah, born July 19,

David Woodruff was educated as a surveyor and navigator. He moved his family to Virginia in 1806 and to Muskingum County, Ohio in 1813, and here he built a double log house on his farm.

The neighbors soon learned that he was a well educated man for his day and soon had him teaching school in one room of his own home, which was the first school taught in Muskingum County. He continued to teach school or was connected with the schools for the next thirty years.

In this connection, I recall an incident which occurred in Yates Center, Kansas when I was at old Dad Wins' Blacksmith







shop waiting for some plow points which he and the older son were sharpening. Press Taylor came in and at once stepped up to the old man and said that his younger son had used disrespectful language toward Mr. Van Slyke. This made the old gentleman fairly boil, and when the younger son was seen coming toward the shop, the father stepped to the horse stable and at once returned with the horse whip. When the son entered the shop and admitted that he had been insolent, the father at once proceeded to horse whip him. The father then turned toward me and said, "I went to school to this boy's great grandfather and he would never tolerate any disrespect from his pupils toward their seniors. This aged blacksmith cherished the highest regard for our great grandfather. It is known that he kept a historic record of his family and life. Uncle Perry had told me of reading a large part of that record. When I first began seeking information along this line, uncle referred me to Captain Calvin Woodruff of Oskaloosa, Iowa, and he referred me to his brother in Columbus, Ohio. This brother referred me to Helen Terrel of Ava, Ohio, but so far I have not been able to locate the books.

Our grandfather moved to Tuscarawas County in 1819. He seems to have been a miller by occupation and a millwright by trade, for such references as I have to his occupation always refer to those along with his work on the farm. You should bear in mind that in those pioneer days a mill was an essential feature of every community since roads were simply blazed trails through the woods with a very poor chance to haul much of a load over them during much of the year. Hence, when our forebears went to mill, they often carried a sack of grain on their shoulder or mayhap threw two sacks over a horse's back and led the horse to the mill. In this way it came about that there were many of those mills scattered along the streams where water power could be harnessed to drive the mill.

Another feature which the generation of this day has not been informed was that every mill also harbored a still and liquor was abundant and cheap. It could be much more readily transported to market than the bulky grain from which it was distilled. Practically every one used more or less liquor and no gathering was considered complete without a supply of strong drink. Political gatherings, house raisings, log rollings and even the harvest fields were always copiously supplied, with the result that many of the workers became tipsy and drunkenness was common.

Our grandfather was an enthusiastic Whig, an inveterate joker, a good worker and a good neighbor. It was commonly said of him, "If you want a man to do you a good job or a good day's work, get Nath Woodruff to do it." His besetting sin was a too great fondness for ardent spirits which failing, we are happy to say, was not entailed to his descendants.

It was in Tuscarawas County where he first met the Kniselys. Here he married Mary Ann Knisely on January 14, 1821. She was the second child of Abraham Knisely, Sr., and was born June 12.







1801 in Bedford, Pennsylvania. She came to Tuscarawas County with her parents in 1804 or 5. We are told that they went one evening for a sleigh ride and returned married. There were twelve children to this marriage--five sons and seven daughters as the following list shows:

Nathan Finley Woodruff (father) Born Oct. 26, 1798--died  
or Finley Sept. 18, 1864

Mary Ann Woodruff (mother) Born June 12, 1801--died Aug. 23  
1866

Lovine--born Nov. 17, 1821--died Sept 10, 1822  
Mary Jane--born Mar. 28, 1823--died Oct. 13, 1897  
Charity Rachel--born Sept. 26, 1825--died Oct. 13, 1897  
Finley Nathan--born Dec. 27, 1827--died May 12, 1850  
Richard Perry--born July 28, 1830--died Aug. 2, 1915  
Juliett--born Sept. 4, 1832--died April 19, 1905  
Abram Thornton--born July 11, 1834--died May 18, 1920  
David Finley--born Aug. 16, 1836--died July 28, 1907  
Joseph<sup>2nd</sup> Harrison--born Aug. 16, 1836--died Dec. 12, 1904  
Sarah Louise--born April 4, 1839--died May 5, 1879  
Bethana--born Feb. 19, 1841--died Mar. 26, 1916  
Cornelia Ann--born Mar. 25, 1843--died Aug. 23, 1886

The family moved from Tuscarawas County to Union County in 1835. Here grandfather built a mill on Mill Creek for a Mr. Watson. Grandfather operated it for a number of years. Father was the last child born in Tuscarawas County--David, Joseph Sarah and Bethana were born in Union County and Cornelia was born in Marion County where they moved about 1842.

It was while living in Marion County that they first became acquainted with the Owen family, with whom our family history has become closely interwoven. Three of the girls and one of the boys married members of this family. This precedent has been followed by eight of their descendants. Also in that county, Charity Rachel met and married Ira Chilson December 12, 1843 and Mary Jane married Davis Owen, December 8, 1844.

The settlers came for miles around to the mill operated by grandfather on the banks of the Whetstone River. It was interesting to hear father's recollections of many of these old pioneer settlers. I recall hearing him chatting with a man who came out to Kansas from that section thirty-seven years later and the Ohio man was very much surprised at father knowing so many of these old settlers.

The family returned to Marysville in 1845 or 6 and it was there that father went to school to William Lemaster, his favorite teacher. Father's copy of the family record was written by Lemaster. It was this teacher's effort which qualified Juliett and Sarah for teaching. I met and became acquainted with Rev. F. A. Lemaster, at one time pastor of the M. E. Church in Kendallville, and learned that he was a nephew of William Lemaster and the superintendent of the La Grange schools is a son of F. A. Lemaster.

The family moved to Adams County, Indiana in 1849, settling at







an eighty acre tract some three miles northeast of Decatur. It was here that Finley died on the day that was to have been his wedding day. Father was witness at that time and found work during the winter of '49- '50, hauling the timber to build a plank road through Decatur.

At this time, all this part of Ohio and Indiana was covered with a heavy growth of virgin timber. Draining was then too good and the roads would cut into deep ruts, especially if there happened to be much rain. To make them passable, corduroy or plank roads were constructed. The plank roads were constructed from stumps of timber hewn on three sides. These timbers were placed side by side with the rounded side down. This gave a solid footing, but were apt to become rather rough if the plank became displaced. Father's job was dragging these timbers to the roadside with a yoke of oxen. He soon learned to hew these timbers as well as others used in the construction of houses, barns and bridges. It was here that he began to learn the carpenter trade--a framing carpenter, and as ability to do such work was in demand, he continued to do such work as long as he was able to work. He erected iron bridges until after he was seventy-five years of age. The construction of locks, aqueducts and bridges on the canals then being built also called for such skill and he did this type of work for some years.

Father's work took him over into Ohio and there he made his first venture in real estate by purchasing an eighty acre tract in Van Wert on Sugar Ridge. It was a fine location, but not long after this, a slave-holder from Virginia came to this section and purchased a large tract around the land father had bought and proceeded to locate his slaves on this land, giving each family eighty acres and setting them free. Father sold his land to this Virginian and a colored man named Harris was given it. Father visited Van Wert in 1903 and learned from some of the old timers that this old negro had retired and was living in town and went to see him. When father entered the gate, the old negro heard the latch click and looked up and at once recognized him. He threw up both hands and said, "Fo de Lawds sake, if der ain't Marsa Woodruff."

Pa went in and had a visit with the old colored man and, noticing quite a number of colored children, made some inquiry and was told, "Oh, dey's some of de granchillen." Father said, "But these white ones?" and the old negro said, "Oh, dey's some of de granchillen, too." When I mentioned this to Uncle Leese, he said, "Yes, that is just why Abe sold that land to the slave holder--he didn't wish to live in a neighborhood of colored folks."

Father often spoke of his experiences in the canal work. It was while engaged in this work that he was brought in contact with the Irish laborers. The excavating and all the common labor was largely performed by the Irish, many of whom came to this country at that time and later worked in the construction of the railroads. After each pay day they usually had a great drunken orgy and many of them were severely clubbed and beaten in fights which ensued. He used to say it was a trying place to work. A fellow had to possess real manhood to work long among them and get through without a blemish. I am quite sure he did not work on the canals nor







to the railroad after he was married.

It was while working in the north on the coast that father became acquainted with his life-long friend, Jack Dismore. They worked near Melrose and it was here he became acquainted with the Washes, Shirelyn, Russells and others of whom we have heard him speak. He built a barn for Jim Russell and also for George Wash's father and many dwellings and other buildings in this locality.

It was also there that he became acquainted with Sarah Ann Kretzinger, a daughter of one of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. She was born in Wayne County, Ohio, and came to Paulding County with her parents in 1842. Some years ago I met the man who had moved John Kretzinger from Wayne Co. to Paulding Co. His name was Daniel Stair and he was a brother to John Stair, who at one time lived not far from grandfather Kretzinger. He told me that the next fall he moved another family out from Wayne Co. and that he stopped overnight with grandfather. Grandfather had killed a bear and the bear being very fat, grandma had tried out a quantity of bear grease and Mr. Stair bought a gallon of it from her for \$2.50. He said that when he got back to Wayne Co. and the neighbors found out that he had a gallon of bear grease, they came barging for some of it and that he could not keep any of it for himself. It seems that it was highly prized as an ointment for colds and croup.

Our parents were married at her father's home on April 9, 1867 and lived there for a time. Their first child, which died at birth was born there. They were living just across the road and near the northwest corner of grandfather's farm when Charles was born. I remember that the log cabin stood there for many years. I think there was ten acres of land in the plot, which father later sold to Uncle Henry.

Father spent considerable time getting out saw timber during the winters, which was rafted down the Auglaize River to Defiance. He also cut ship timber which was long sticks which had been hewed square and also rafted to Defiance and from there to Toledo whence it was shipped to England and used in ship building.

When I visited our relatives in Paulding County in February 1883, Uncle Caleb Shisler said to tell father he could not now buy trees for \$50.00 which he used to buy for 50¢.

It was on this trip that Aunt Jane pointed out a little log cabin standing on the townsite of Oakwood and said, "John, there is where you were born." It is quite possible that I am the oldest living native born Oakwooder.

It must have been shortly before my birth that father bought an eighty acre tract of land adjoining what is now the townsite of Oakwood, for I remember hearing father tell how many rails he split the day I was born, August 21, 1861. I infer that he was cutting rails to fence a part of the land. Father erected a log house and barn on this land in 1862 and sister Mary was born there January 23, 1863. The name of the girl who worked for mother then was Stable.







6  
Our earliest recollections center about this area, which was surrounded by pine, maple, hickory. I remember particularly the red and shag bark hickory and also the orchard of young apple trees which father planted and which is still standing and bearing fruit. Cousin Arthur tells me it is the best preserved old orchard in that whole country. Brother Charles and I played under those big trees and we never forgot our love for them.

I recall an incident which probably occurred in the fall of 1865. There had been a slight snow fall and we discovered a deer's tracks leading into a brush heap. Brother Charles thought it was a little Indian's tracks and climbed up on the brush heap and jumped up and down to scare him out while I stood by to kill him with a hatchet we carried. We presently discovered the trail leading from the brush heap to a hollow tree. We told our adventure to father that evening and he was much amused. At this time wild game was still quite plentiful and I can distinctly recall large flocks of wild turkeys passing not over twenty rods from our house and deer were frequently seen.

Our home was not over a half mile from the river where father prepared the rafts to be floated down to Defiance on the spring freshets. There were still great bodies of timber which were not cut away until after the completion of the Nickel Plate Railroad. Our cabin was a store and a half with a lean-to on the north side for the kitchen. It fronted south and there was a fireplace in the west end.

I remember that grandmother Woodruff visited us in the latter part of the winter of 1866. George Brothers brought her over in a sleigh and we heated bricks to keep her feet warm on her return home. Later, Uncle Dave and his wife and their two boys, Ed and Den, made us a visit. We boys had a fine time, since they were about the age of Charles and myself and we played Ante Over across a large gum tree, which had been hauled up into the yard near the kitchen to serve as a lining for a cistern. In the progress of the game, it seems to have occurred to Den to run through the hollow gum at the same time the idea came to me and we met in a head on collision inside the tree. Our noses evidently suffered most in the encounter, for I remember that they bled quite freely. We set up quite a howl and our dad laughed at us.

After father had sold his farm at Oakwood, he began to make preparations to visit the west in search of a better location. He had told me that while working at his trade he met a man who had been on a buffalo hunt in the Walnut Creek Valley only a short time before. The man gave father a glowing account of that country and father became infatuated with the idea of seeing it.

Just about this time the Government had endowed the land grant colleges and it was possible to go to the General Land Office in Chicago and purchase college scrip at sixty-five dollars for a quarter section of government land. This scrip could then be filed on any quarter section of government land and the party filing would receive a government deed for the land.

In the spring of 1866 while the weather was still quite cold,







When father came back to Iowa he found that the Indians had moved to the lower river bottom and a new frontier was being made. He and father had no more to do with them. They had killed some of the best men.

When father came back to the spring of 1870, he told me that he was very sorry our father had not found the land to the river bottom. Father told me that he did not. He had traveled on foot from Chicago to Denminish, he stopped at one place along the way at night and often heard the conversation of Indian wagon drivers. He heard many conversations about how cold the weather was in winter and it scared him out of the idea of traveling there. There were no cars there at that time and were little used. The spring was full and the cattle thin and poor. The supplies were scattered in various long distances. For three months father went on a horse, following the Santa Fe trail from Texas.

Father told me an amusing incident that happened along the way. He was dressed in his soldier garb with breeches and carried a lot of like a soldier in an Indian as he went along the way. The Indian noticed that he would like a drink from father's canteen, so father handed it over. The Indian took a drink and at once spat it out on the ground. Evidently he was disappointed to find it was not fire water as he had hoped.

When father reached Kanoria, there was quite a disturbance in the Walnut Creek Valley and he was told not to venture into the valley at that time so he came down the Neosho Valley to Neosho Falls. It was many years before I learned what was the cause of the disturbance. While working for the Flint and Walling Company, I became acquainted with a Mr. Hunt whose father was keeping a trading post in the valley at that time. He said that a hunting party of Cheyennes got into the valley and were having a fine time when they were discovered by members of some other tribe who claimed the valley as their ground and at once set upon the Cheyennes and practically exterminated them. While the disturbance was in progress, Mr. Hunt kept inside the trading post and later in the evening when the firing had ceased out. Under a drift in the creek, he found an Indian who had been wounded in the back. He got the Indian out and took him into the trading post and dressed the wound. The next morning when he awoke, the Indian was gone. Some days later a large party of Cheyennes appeared and cleaned out the other Indians as well as almost every one else they met, but did not disturb Mr. Hunt.

As father came along the Santa Fe Trail, he noticed where the freighters had left their teams and the corn had grown up with a fine rank growth. The grass was fine and the cattle sleek and fat. So father came to the conclusion that this was a more desirable location than Iowa. From Neosho Falls, he came over into the center of Woodson County and there located 480 acres of land which served as the nucleus of the 200 acres which they own.







The wagon was loaded with the clothing and other things for our journey. The children, Thomas and the other boys, on the southern shore of the lake, were following a condition which mother had made--that there was to be no play in the new home.

In the early fall of 1866, when the boys were about ten and the girls about eight, we had a very bad autumn. The weather was very bad and the crops were very poor. The boys were very busy in the fall of 1866. There was a very bad autumn on the lake and the boys were very busy in the fall of 1866. The boys were very busy in the fall of 1866. The boys were very busy in the fall of 1866. The boys were very busy in the fall of 1866.

At the close of the October term, we lived in Defiance until the end of our journey for Kansas in the fall of 1866. Father worked at his trade in the summer of 1866 and the following winter, got out timber for several rafts which were floated down to Defiance in the spring of 1867.

At the time of our departure, preparations were being made. The thing that I especially recall was that father bought several rolls of leather at Defiance and took it to the country shoemaker, and man named Spiegelgayer. He had shoes made for the entire family, and Charles and I were sent over there to have our feet measured for shoes. The family of this shoemaker had lived several years in Iowa. His wife was a particularly interesting woman and entertained us with a vivid description of the Indians, describing particularly their painted faces and feathers in their hair. In fact, she made such a picture on my boyish imagination as to be rather air raising, and on our way back to grandpa's I told Charles that I did not want to go to Kansas. When the time came for our departure I saw up a great coat and kept it on for some time after we were on our way and the folks could hear us crying after the wagon had passed out of sight behind a projecting bit of rock. It took several years experience in Kansas to come back the hair raising picture this old blithering of a woman had painted on my boyish memory.

We stopped the first night in Defiance where our folks did some trading and the next day, we drove on to Mendonville, where we stopped with Uncle Isaac and Aunt Sarah. Here we found two boys about our age and two girls, one older and one younger than myself, so we did not lack for playmates. Uncle was making the ground of clover hay and there were many chickens about the barn with the hay. It was an interesting sight to see Aunt's young ducks get after those crickets. We boys and the two young men, William and Russell, who were to go with us, slept on the hay in the barn, which we considered a great treat. After the grown folks got the hay in, they went on a fishing excursion to the reservoir at Rome City, but Uncle Isaac told me years later that they did not have any luck.

We spent several days at Aunt Sarah's and then went up to Uncle







There were no other trees like the pines. There were no  
other trees like the pines. There were no other trees like the pines.  
A part of our farm was of this and some. There was a splendid  
growth of timber just across the road south of the house and a long  
stretch of taller land along which the children had a running and it  
was great sport to see how could take the most without falling off  
the top.

When father bought a new wagon from Uncle Lee and purchased  
grandfather's team, Polly and Tim. Some time before grandfather's  
death, a mortgage on his farm had matured and father sold it off  
and supported his parents for the remainder of their lives. So when  
after their death the property fell to father. Uncle Lee had a good  
team of iron gray horses named Bill and Barney. Charles and I were  
friends with them and father wanted very much to buy them.

It was arranged that Aunt Bethana and Aunt Corallia were to  
accompany us. We fitted up the new wagon and packed our household  
goods to be shipped by freight. Aunt Bethana had been working  
for a neighbor and during our packing, it was discovered that a  
brass kettle had been left at the neighbor's house. Aunt Bethana  
went to get it and bid her friends goodbye, but the son, William  
Trowbridge, proposed marriage instead and was accepted. Pre-  
parations began at once for the wedding, which took place on Wed-  
nesday, August 10, at Aunt Juliet's home. A large company of the Wal-  
fords were present.

We started for Kansas the next morning. The two young men who  
had come from Paulding County with us drove the teams. Aunt Bethana  
rode in one of the wagons for several miles when we were overtaken  
by Uncle Lee on horseback. He had brought some article which we  
had overlooked in loading and took Aunt Bethana back with him on  
his horse.

We drove southwest until we struck the Wabash Valley which we  
followed to Lafayette. There we took a more westerly course. The  
valley was covered with a splendid growth of timber at that time.  
We saw small cabins and clearings here and there and frequently  
pale, emaciated people whom father said had milk sickness. Father  
told us that he had looked at a tract of land in the valley which  
was owned by a civil engineer. The man had desired to sell it  
but father would not invest on account of the milk sickness.

We camped on the west side of the river over night. They were  
at that time building a court house and I remember seeing loads of  
large stones hauled from some quarry on the west side of the river  
to the grounds where the court house was being erected. There was  
a large spring under a ledge of stone on the river bank and wooden  
troughs had been built to carry the water out some distance from  
the ledge. A number of men hauled barrels of this spring water  
into town for domestic purposes. I tried to go over to the ledge  
of rock and soon mired down in the mud and had to be helped out by  
some of the older folks.

We continued on west and crossed the Mississippi at Quincy on  
a ferry boat. There we saw Railway cars being ferried across the  
river, since there was no bridge there at that time. Later, we















some distance east of the school house. The old Indian trail crossed the creek about half a mile east of the school house. On this trail we would see an entire tribe of Indians come each spring and fall as they went to and from their reservation in northeastern Kansas. They wintered far in the southwest and returned in the spring after the grass had started enough to afford pasture for their ponies.

I remember one fall day after school I saw the tribe making camp in the creek bottom northeast of the schoolhouse. They occupied about twelve acres of land which was covered with a heavy growth of blue stem grass. There were many ponies and bright colored blankets. Although there were many camp fires, neither the tribe nor the smaller parties who often camped along the stream ever set fire to the grass nor left any live coals in their fires.

During the first few years after our arrival, there were many newcomers who came and built small homes on their claims and it was a favorite pastime for brother and I to climb up on the roof of our cabin and locate the new houses. There was usually a window in the west side of the houses and the glow of the afternoon sun on these windows could be seen for miles.

I remember that on one occasion while we were on the lookout on the roof, we saw a large black bear following the old Indian trail not more than forty rods from our cabin. There was no timber except a small fringe along streams and we could follow the movements of that bear for ten or twelve miles after he had passed the cabin. When father returned from his work at the mill on Saturday evening, he told mother that a man living on the river below Hensho Falls had killed a black bear that week and we concluded that it must have been the same bear we had seen.

Often there would be small hunting parties which would winter over along the streams to the southwest of us. There the hills were covered with scrub oak or "black jack" as we called it, and this afforded excellent shelter for the deer for many years. There was a U. B. minister who lived on West Buffalo Creek who had come to Kansas about the same time that we did, and on one occasion a small party camped on the creek on his farm. One morning in the latter part of 1868, Mr. Hale, the minister, learned that an Indian baby had been born in the camp. He suggested to his wife that they send their son Jerry to the camp each morning with a quart of milk for the baby. Mrs. Hale agreed to this and became well acquainted with the Indian mother, who was very grateful. Years later the Indian mother and her son returned to the Hale farm to bring Mrs. Hale two Indian blankets as an expression of their gratitude, and Mrs. Hale was very proud of these blankets.

As the country became more thickly settled, the old Indian trail was fenced up. The Indian reservations were broken up and the Indians transferred to the Indian Territory, so that by 1871 we saw but very few Indians in our neighborhood.

Father was very much interested in fruit. We planted peach







...and soon after we had a very good crop of fruit. The old farmer had a lot of fruit trees and we had a lot of fruit. The old farmer had a lot of fruit trees and we had a lot of fruit. The old farmer had a lot of fruit trees and we had a lot of fruit.

When Father was in the Okanogan Valley in 1865, he brought a number of fine English cherry trees. He became acquainted with one of the old farmers in this valley and after we had moved to Kansas, wrote to him and induced him to send us a quantity of cherry seeds. Father planted these and they grew rapidly to fine cherry trees. They were large enough to bloom but for some reason the fruit would always blight, and though we had many of them which made nice thrifty trees, they never bore fruit and this was a great disappointment to Father.

Perhaps I should say something of the wild game of those days. There were several deer which stayed on Father's farm for several years, until they were killed by newcomers. There were prairie chickens by the thousand. Father tried a number of times to grow buckwheat but never with much success on account of them. The prairie chickens would come in great numbers to get the grain and brother and I learned to trap them and caught a good many of them.

A little town called Chellis had been started a half mile north of our farm by Hale T. Chellis. Mr. Gardner built the first house and soon there was a store or two and quite a number of families had settled there. We soon found we could sell the prairie chickens at fifteen to twenty-five cents each and brother and I used to earn quite a few pennies in that way.

There were many jackrabbits and we had to wrap the trunks of the young fruit trees with rags or blue-stem grass to keep the rabbits from girdling them. In the winter, we frequently saw eagles, which caught rabbits and prairie chickens. I have seen places where they brought their prey to devour and they were strewn with fur and feathers and remnants of the victims. One season, wild cats got after mother's chickens and destroyed all but about a dozen. Some of the men in the little town hunted them and killed three and after that we were not troubled again. There were many coyotes, but they did not trouble us until we began to keep sheep. The number of birds increased rapidly after the settlers had planted trees and Osage Orange or hedge fences, since the trees and hedges gave protection to birds, especially the quail. There were quite a number of badgers at first but they were soon exterminated. Skunks were always pestiferous and troublesome and there were also large numbers of raccoons.

As the lands along the streams were fenced and the herds of cattle and fires kept out, the timber increased rapidly. Good sized clumps of trees grew up along the ravines where only iron woods had previously grown. The country looks entirely different now from what it did sixty-seven years ago. It was hard to get a well of water where the subsoil was stratified clay or soap stone







as we called it. It was used for many years as a  
place to store the corn and other things like  
a jug. There were plenty of apples and other things  
and limestone hills.

Charles and I preferred spending our vacation in the summer  
along the creek rather than in traveling over the mountains. A  
large walnut tree which grew on the bank of the creek had been  
undermined by some shifting of the earth and fell across the  
stream lodging between two old trees in such a way that it was  
raised there for more than fifty years. We children soon  
learned that we could cross the stream dry and as there was  
no bridge in those days, the log came to fill quite an important  
place in our lives. Sister Mary has written some verses commemor-  
ating the old walnut log and I will add them to this story.

The Old Walnut Log  
by Mary Ragle

I recall what a joy 'twas as a boy  
To be free for a day in the wood.  
Then I'd cut thru the corn in the bright summer sun  
To the head where the tall timber stood,  
And in the shade, which the acorn tree made,  
I would pause and whistle for my dog.  
And he'd come like a gleam down the bank of the stream,  
Then we'd cross on the old walnut log.

Chorus

Oh, that old walnut log, with its butt in the bog,  
And its top reaching far across the stream,  
Was a joy to my soul which all time can not tell  
Or erase the bright smile from my dream.  
With the log for a bed and its shade o'er me spread  
I would dream of the time when a man  
With no call from my home, I'd be free to roam  
And enlist in the wild woodman's clan.  
Then I'd think of the brack and dig up my hook  
Then get down in the mire for a frog.  
Then I'd sit by the hour in sunshine or shower  
And fish from the old walnut log.

Now I stand bent and grey on the scenes of my play,  
Sheltered by its green leafy dome  
And I know that the day can not be far away  
When I'll hear the last call from my home.  
Yet the boy in my heart that when called to depart  
When I see the bright gleam thru life's fog  
And the dark waters between me and my goal  
Might I cross on the old walnut log.

The first crop that father planted was five acres of rye. It  
came up in the fall of 1867 and was making a fine showing when  
the grasshoppers came and destroyed it. Grasshoppers frequently  
damaged some crops; ate the leaves off the apple trees and shook







of the corn in some places. This was the only time when they killed anything. The chickens were very scarce on the old prairie. I found the locusts very common. They did not do much damage, but the grasshoppers, but do not attract as much attention. The summer of 1868 was a hard one for us. The almost constant dry weather ruined our corn and oats.

That summer father built a house for Henry Gay. I remember father telling that it rained hard there and the water ran some small inches deep. Henry lived four miles from us. The great showers came our way, however, in time to save our corn and other crops. The sorghum millers and old millers lived through and when the later rains came, matured quickly, so that we had material from which to make peach and pumpkin butter as well as pie fillings preserves. Once the rains began, things went to the other extreme and the hay, which father had stacked in the bottom part of Big Owl Creek floated off when the stream got out of its banks. The rains continued until late in the fall and the grass grew every month that winter, which was a fine thing for our stock. I have never seen such large pumpkins as we had that fall, and they made good feed for the stock in an emergency.

In the latter part of the summer of 1868, George Nash came down from near Atchison, where he had been teaching school. He was a Paudling County boy and father had built a barn for him for father and was well acquainted with his family. George made his home with us and worked for father and others. Father took a contract to get out 15,000 feet of saw logs on the Nisho River for one-half. These logs were delivered to the saw mill in Nisho Falls. Father had intended to build a house and take out of his half of the lumber, but the season had been so hard that by the time the logs were paid and other expenses met, there was not enough left.

In those days women eligible for marriage were few, but on the other hand, young men were numerous in every community. Most of them had come to take homesteads or claims and now desired a helpmate for their homes. As Aunt Cornelia was teaching most of the time in different school districts, she became acquainted with many of these young men and rejected numerous proposals. Aunt was a strong, cheery, healthy soul and would make a most desirable helpmate for any man. She accepted George Nash and they were married on March 29, 1869.

George tilled a part of our farm that year. He homesteaded an eighty acre tract two miles east of our farm on the north side of the road. He built quite a good house for those days and lived there two years and then moved to Elk County where he homesteaded one hundred sixty acres. Aunt Cornelia died in August 1886 and George in September 1893.

The first good crop of corn we raised after coming to Kansas was in 1872 and the next good crop was not until 1875, by which time the country was fairly well settled and crops became more generally successful. When the little town of Chellis was







...the school ...  
 school. ...  
 school ...  
 Mr. Herbert taught it. We did not go to school that fall.  
 but attended Mr. Herbert's school in the spring of 1869.

In the spring of 1869, Mr. Davidson of ...  
 Thomas H. Davidson, who called the citizens together to propose  
 a new name for the town. Father proposed the name of Kalida,  
 which was adopted. In the fall of 1870, a new school house was  
 built. We children attended this school which was taught by  
 Peter Bell, a Irish teacher. There was also a subscription  
 school which was started in the spring of 1871. In the fall of  
 1871, our school was taught by J. P. Kelly and brother Jim  
 attended school then. Miss L. J. Stephenson taught the school  
 in the spring of 1872.

Stephen Ward and father built a board fence on the north  
 side of the old cabin house in the fall of 1871 and there Will  
 was born, January 9, 1872. I saw good corn burned for fuel in  
 the stoves in Kalida that fall. 1873 was a poor crop year.  
 That year we built a new frame house and moved into it before  
 it was plastered. Father wanted to build a barn also, but  
 owing to the poor crops, could not do so.

In the fall of 1874 we took forty-two calves to raise on  
 shares for Samuel Robbins. We were to receive half the herd  
 and half the increase for keeping them three years. The fall  
 of 1874 was very dry and the creek was dry. A large part  
 the winter we had to drive the stock to the head of the creek  
 for water and haul back five barrels of water each time for  
 the calves. This proved to be quite a chore. The next fall  
 we constructed a dam in a ravine not far from the barnyard  
 and thereafter had an abundance of water near at hand for the  
 stock.

In the latter part of the winter, Mr. Gardner hired father  
 to build him a barn and hew out the logs for the frame. The  
 pay father received was a great help. I helped father shingle  
 a good part of the roof and make all the doors.

The summer of 1875 was quite favorable for all crops and brought  
 Kansas its first bumper crop of corn. It was about the first of  
 July that year, that Abner Yates came out from Jacksonville, Ill.  
 and surveyed the townsite for Yates Center in the center  
 of Woodson County. Soon Kalida, Belmont and later, Defiance  
 were loaded on wheels and moved to the new town and it was not  
 long until the county seat was moved there. They say a city  
 on the hills can not be hid, but the trees planted there just  
 about hide the town.

1876 brought a great misfortune to our horses and as I  
 think of it now, if we had only had a good fence around our barn-  
 yard, this misfortune would never have happened to us. Several  
 of Mr. Landis's young horses had strayed away early that spring  
 and were gone for several days. On their rampage they had con-















17  
In 1880 we bought the balance of the land with the corral  
wire and henceforth made hay on our own land. We built a corral  
in the southwest corner of the west quarter and went about driv-  
ing the herd down the long lane each morning and evening. That  
year we had our first experience with Texas fever and lost three  
head of cattle. We sold the sick cattle to Gilmore and Taylor  
of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

In 1881 Charles and I bought thirty-five head of yearlings.  
Father built a house for Mr. Weidy and Charles and I graded the  
dam for the big pond in the corral across the creek. In Septem-  
ber Uncle Joe, Aunt Cornelia and her two girls and Ray Owen  
visited us. That fall we took our first bunch of sheep to keep  
for Judge Dusenbury.

In the spring of 1881, or rather when we had finished some  
of the earlier work on the farm, father went up to Neosho Falls  
to help reconstruct the mill, at the request of W. L. Parsons.  
I started to take father to the Falls, driving the team of  
stallions and we went by way of E. Stockabrand's on some errand I  
father had there. Here we met Doctor Turner, who told father  
that he was also going to the Falls and asked father to get in  
and ride with him, which father did while I returned home to go  
on plowing for corn. A day or two later, Charles got a card  
from father telling him that father had traded the bay stallion  
to Doctor Turner for some of his shorthorn Durham cattle and  
telling Charles to deliver the stallion to Doc, which he did.  
That fall a heavy wind and rain storm at the equinox ruined  
much of our hay, causing heavy loss.

In 1882 we had a heavy sleet storm in February which covered  
the entire country from the foothills of the Rockies to Kendall-  
ville and I do not know how much further east. This spread an  
extremely heavy coat of ice over everything and while the weather  
was not extremely cold, the results were most disastrous,  
especially for range cattle and buffalo on the bunch grass. The  
storm lasted for several days as near as I can now recall and it  
did not thaw a particle for a week or ten days. The stock and  
buffalo drifted into the gulches for such protection as they  
could get from the driving sleet and after the storm had ceased  
they could not climb the sloping banks. They would lose their  
footing and slide down to the lower ground. Water had accumulated  
covered by a thin coat of ice which would break, leaving the  
animals in the ice cold water. Under such circumstances an an-  
imal soon ceases to struggle. A Mr. Kirkpatrick, whom I met  
after coming to Kendallville, told me that he was going up the  
Arkansas Valley just as the sleet was melting and that he saw  
thousands of buffalo and cattle just able to lift their hind  
quarters and then fall back again "on the lift" as we used to say.  
This sleet storm literally wiped out the great southern herd of  
buffalo. That summer the northern herd, estimated at twenty  
thousand, crossed over into Canada at Fort Keok. The old  
hunters looked to see them return that fall, but they never came  
back. Some years later a Canadian surveying party came across a  
great valley filled with buffalo bones and enquired of the Indians  
the cause and were told that a great herd of buffalo had wintered  
in there one fall, and that a great sleet storm came and they all















...and did a ... in the ...  
...so there was ... the first year.

I secured a school that fall and began teaching. About the time my school was to begin, a number of young fellows were going out to western Kansas to take up claims and Frank Lindie asked me to go with the bunch, promising that if I would come and take a claim which he would indicate, he would give me better wages than I could get teaching, but I declined his offer. Of all the boys who went, the only one who won out was Frank Lindie and he got a claim butting up against a town site and sold his claim for thirteen hundred dollars. Frank returned at once to his father's home and brought a piece of land just across the creek from father's farm.

I worked on the farm after my school was out and in the fall, taught the same school again. At the end of that term I went to school at the W. N. C. at Ft. Scott. Sister Mary and I both attended school there in the school year of 1886-7. I graduated in 1887 and taught school at Maple Grove the fall and winter of 1888.

Father built a barn for Mr. Lebar in the fall of 1887, and I worked with him building bridges during the spring of 1888. Uncle Leas and Aunt Juliett visited us the last of June, 1888 and then went on to visit George Bash and his family in Elk County. In September, I left home and returned to school at O. S. U. where I spent two years in the Engineering Department. Brother Charles and I roomed in the Clinton Building. Charles was married June 1889 and I helped him build a house at 48 W. Woodruff Avenue where his family has since resided.

In July 1889 I entered the employ of the P. C. & St. L. R. at Indianapolis as a shop draughtsman and for the next eight years my home was at Indianapolis. I had not been there very long until I had taken a walk through Woodruff Place and this struck me as a desirable location for a home. I began to seek information as to the price of vacant lots and learned that F. T. McWhirter was agent for the lots, which he mother-in-law owned. I bought a lot from him and erected a house on it early in 1891.

I was married June 10, 1891 to Mrs. Della C. Leas who had two girls, six and four years old, by her first marriage. We reached the house on the morning of the twelfth and as the house hold goods had previously arrived, we at once began to put things to rights and by evening had a new cook stove in the place and were feeling pretty much at home. Our home was a half a mile north of the Fan Handle shop and I walked home to dinner each day, as the walk was a benefit, giving me exercise needed in my sedentary occupation. Grandfather and Grandmother Ueno made us a visit in September. In November Nat and Julia came, while Grandfather was there we all went down to see the Chrysanthemum Show at Trevelsons Hall. Grandfather returned home the next day, but Nat and Julia stayed with us for a week or ten days and then returned to







and the following year.

At Grandmother's request I came to our home in anticipation of the arrival of an addition to our family. Our son Owen E. was born June 23, 1892. After taking my family to her mother's, I returned to our home in Woodruff Place and later set down at Grand-lain City and brought them back home. Grandmother came to see us in September and she and I called on E. O. Smith a former teacher and friend of the family, who was representing the N. & W. Co. at the state fair, which grandmother and I visited one day.

In 1893 we built an addition to our home in the spring and in the fall my wife's parents, as well as Cousin John Owen and Mr. and Mrs. Benton Stern visited us while the G. A. R. convention was being held in September. My parents also visited us on their way home from the World's Fair at Chicago, so we had the pleasure of having seen some of the kin.

I must not forget to mention our acquaintance with a German family, a wash woman and three children who lived near us. When Edith started to school, I painted a blackboard on the kitchen wall and she and Norma played school with the aid of copies of Edith's school work which she brought home. Norma made splendid progress in the school work and Anna, one of the German children became very much interested. Anna was about fourteen years old at that time and my wife soon saw that she was an intelligent girl and possessed the instinct of a teacher. My wife had taught for some years and she encouraged and helped Anna to study and fit herself for a school teacher as the child proved to be an apt pupil with a natural liking for the work. Anna followed this career and eventually became a supervising principal and was able to build her mother a good home in Woodruff Place near us and thus achieved a large field of usefulness. We have always felt thankful that my wife's efforts in their behalf helped them to success and happiness.

Cousin Lucy Nash visited us in March 1894. At Christmas time, my wife's parents and my brother Charles and his family came and we had a jolly time. Sadie J. was born January 18, 1895. In 1896 we went to Columbus, Ohio, for the holidays. We met Grandfather and Grandmother Owen at Richmond, Indiana and we all went on together from there.

The latter part of the winter of 1895, I had a severe attack of what the doctor called Malaria Gripe, which left me with a lurch of the stomach and was a handicap to me for twenty years. In the fall of 1897, I bought a Holstein-Jersey cow. The next spring Norma Owen and I visited the folks at Columbus at Easter and they were much alarmed at my appearance due to the malaria gripe and wrote my folks and my wife's folks, with the result that they all insisted that we should get out of the city and railway shop. We rented our home in Woodruff Place and moved up to Grandfather Owen's farm leaving Indianapolis on Decoration Day 1898.

I spent June and July on the farm and as my health had improved,







I returned to school in August 1898. The Flint & Walling Co. was still in the lumbering business. In Kendallville we found a house in Kendallville and Edith, Norma and I went to school. I worked for the Flint & Walling Co. for thirteen years but never fully recovered my health until I moved out on this farm. In the spring of 1899, we moved on to a piece of land on the State road which Uncle Silo owned. We had our cow and some chickens and we raised two hogs. There was quite a good apple orchard, so we were pretty well supplied. John Kaiser told me that I brought him more butter and eggs than lots of the farmers. Uncle offered to sell me the place at one time and I have often wished I had kept him up. I bought three lots in Carmines addition and that fall erected the first house in that addition, into which we moved on the Saturday preceeding Thanksgiving and were thankful that we were once more settled in our own home. We had four pupils in school that fall and it was important that we should be nearer the school.

Marie was born in our home there on December 28, 1899. It was a very severe winter with much snow. In July 1901 we went on a visit to my old home in Kansas, starting on the thirteenth and were gone just two weeks. Our choice for the trip was not a happy one as we struck the hottest and dryest time of the season, particularly in Indiana. We went and returned by way of Indianapolis and I recall that the air was so charged with dust that we could scarcely breathe in that city. I remember what a relief it was when we came in sight of Lake Wawasee. We could readily notice the difference once we had entered the lake region of northern Indiana.

My mother died in the fall of 1902. In the spring of 1903, father came back on a visit and I went over to Oakwood for a few days with him. We walked down from Grandfather's old home to where our old cabin had stood, both of us hoping to see some of the fine big trees which had once stood there and found nothing but the rotting stumps and father said, "Oh, Johnny, this makes me blue." The train on which we had come for some reason did not stop at Oakwood but carried us on to Continental. We walked back along the railway to Grandfather Kretzinger's old home, every foot of the ground being familiar to father. As we noted the condition of things, father said that he was not sorry that he left there.

In 1904 Edith and Norma graduated from the Kendallville High School. Norma took some work at Angola and that fall taught school at Oak Grove in Orange Twp. Edith attended the State Normal at Terre Haute. Grandmother Owen died April 19, 1905. Norma returned with Edith to the Normal at Terre Haute for the remainder of the school year. Edith taught at Oviatt school and Norma at the Oak Grove school that fall and winter. Norma married Verne Smith on July 13, 1906.

We sold the Woodruff Place property in 1910 and bought a farm of 144 acres on the north bank of the Lake of the woods in La Grange County, where Norma and her family moved in the spring and have since lived. A portion of this farm has been sold to them,







the Normal School at Ann Arbor. After graduating there she was principal of the schools at Dackerville, Michigan one year and then took work to fit her for her foreign mission field and was one year as principal of the English Methodist Girls High School in Bangalore, Burma. Returning to the United States, she entered the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, where she took the B. S. and M. A. degrees in the school of Education. Her diploma was "In Public J. Woodruff, this B. A. degree in the school of Education is awarded with High Distinction." She was one of thousands in a graduating class of over fifteen hundred to receive that award. She was also elected to the Phi Beta Kappa and the Phi Kappa Phi honorary fraternities.

Over attended Purdue two years. Then he entered the employ of the Specialty Glass Co. as a salesman. He was called to the colors in May 1918 and took training in the Motorized Artillery and was just ready to go over seas when the Armistice was signed. His employers at once asked that he be given his discharge and returned to their employ, which request was granted.

Marie attended the Home City High School in 1916-17-18, where she graduated and then attended the Epworth Normal in 1919-20-21, where she graduated. She entered the Social Service at Lansing, Michigan as assistant Superintendent of the Children's Home, where she has since been employed. The old Home in the city became quite valuable property and was sold out, not being well adapted as a home for the children, and an excellent location at 600 Lecher Place was purchased. An architect drew plans for a modern fire-proof structure and the trustees brought those plans to the Superintendent and Marie for inspection. Marie at once made a protocol that the rooms for the bad girls in the south end of the building was the choice location. She asked that part be used as the nursery for the babies. The trustees agreed with her and told her to draw a plan showing how she wanted the rooms and they had the architect conform to them. It certainly is a splendid building. The job calls for strenuous work, especially when the social workers round up many delinquents. Marie is not a large woman, but she fills a large place.

Norva and her family on the farm have been blessed with good health. They had two children, Clark, three years old; and Evelyn, one year old at that time. Three others have been added since and all have grown into strong hearty children. The oldest son is now married and he and his family live in Port Huron, where he is a purchasing agent for the McMillan Milling Co. They have three children, two boys and a girl.

Norva's second child is also married and lives on a farm in La Grange County. They also have two boys and a girl and just recently their family was increased by a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, so we now have eight great grandchildren, five boys and three girls.

When father visited me in 1913, we drove up to the farm one























## Brother Albert's part of the Pioneer Story

### Account of Albert Henry Woodruff

On October 24, 1869, I was born, the fifth child of my father and mother that grew to maturity. Little more than a year had passed in Kansas, when my coming was announced to my brothers and sister.

My earliest recollections are some events that occurred, according to brother Jim, when I was less than two years old. I had been taken by my sister Mary, in whose charge I had been left, to a crib containing some ear corn, where we with brother were playing. A party of young men of the neighborhood were shooting prairie chickens about a quarter of a mile away. The older children were throwing up an ear of corn each time a shot was fired. In my childish way I had the impression that the young men were Indians, perhaps the other children had called them so. This incident I remembered in a shadowy way. I can also recall the birth of my younger brother Will. A neighbor woman, who was with mother at the time, took me in to see the new baby, first washing my hands and face and combing my hair. I recall distinctly in what part of the house the bed stood and of looking at baby and mother talking to me.

I recall something of the Indians who came at intervals to stop at the house and not infrequently came and stood about the room. Once, in rather cool weather, two Indians came as I was sitting by the stove. Our parents had taught us to rise and let older people have our chairs if we were seated, since in many cases there were not enough for everyone, but in this case I did not rise. One of the Indians gave me a gentle push, though hard enough for me to know that I must arise, which I did and he took the seat.

Another incident, which no doubt occurred about the same time, was recalled by me through hearing that brother Charles had related it to his family. Mother had done some favor for some of the Indians and one of the Indian women wished to do her a favor in return, and therefore asked that she might make me a pair of moccasins. To do so, she wished to take me to the Indian camp. I recall something of being in what seemed to be a house with smoked and sloping walls and that a number of men who did not look like my father and other men I knew stood about a small fire that was built on the ground, or at least, not in a stove. I was afraid of them, but also afraid to cry. I remember hearing them talk to the woman who had brought me and that I could not understand. Later, I was returned to mother with my little feet clad in the Indian shoes.

How I became a cripple I did not learn until I was grown and my family well along towards manhood. Now, in order to let some of those who have previously inquired know, I will relate it in some detail, hoping that the reader, should a similar occasion







## Brother Albert's part of the Pioneer Story

### Account of Albert Henry Woodruff

On October 24, 1869, I was born, the fifth child of my father and mother that grew to maturity. Little more than a year had passed in Kansas, when my coming was announced to my brothers and sister.

My earliest recollections are some events that occurred, according to brother Jim, when I was less than two years old. I had been taken by my sister Mary, in whose charge I had been left, to a crib containing some ear corn, where we with brother were playing. A party of young men of the neighborhood were shooting prairie chickens about a quarter of a mile away. The older children were throwing up an ear of corn each time a shot was fired. In my childish way I had the impression that the young men were Indians, perhaps the other children had called them so. This incident I remembered in a shadowy way. I can also recall the birth of my younger brother Will. A neighbor woman, who was with mother at the time, took me in to see the new baby, first washing my hands and face and combing my hair. I recall distinctly in what part of the house the bed stood and of looking at baby and mother talking to me.

I recall something of the Indians who came at intervals to stop at the house and not infrequently came and stood about the room. Once, in rather cool weather, two Indians came as I was sitting by the stove. Our parents had taught us to rise and let older people have our chairs if we were seated, since in many cases there were not enough for everyone, but in this case I did not rise. One of the Indians gave me a gentle push, though hard enough for me to know that I must arise, which I did and he took the seat.

Another incident, which no doubt occurred about the same time, was recalled by me through hearing that brother Charles had related it to his family. Mother had done some favor for some of the Indians and one of the Indiana women wished to do her a favor in return, and therefore asked that she might make me a pair of moccasins. To do so, she wished to take me to the Indiana camp. I recall something of being in what seemed to be a house with smoked and sloping walls and that a number of men who did not look like my father and other men I knew stood about a small fire that was built on the ground, or at least, not in a stove. I was afraid of them, but also afraid to cry. I remember hearing them talk to the woman who had brought me and that I could not understand. Later, I was returned to mother with my little feet clad in the Indian shoes.

How I became a cripple I did not learn until I was grown and my family well along towards manhood. Now, in order to let some of those who have previously inquired know, I will relate it in some detail, hoping that the reader, should a similar occasion







arise, may use the knowledge to help someone else being handicapped as I have been.

My father and mother never knew how I became hurt, nor did I remember until a few years ago when I heard about a similar case and was examined by a doctor. His statement of the trouble and how it might possible have happened brought to my mind nearly every detail of the accident that occurred when I was about two and a half years old.

One day I followed my father out as he was going to the fields and no one saw me start. When I had gone some distance, mother saw me, but seeing that I would be within sight of father and not get lost, she let me go on. Father was planting potatoes nearly a quarter of a mile from the house in a field across a little ravine which was later dammed and converted into a pond. The banks of the ravine were covered with prairie grass which was so long that it overhung and almost covered the narrow path and a small stream which flowed down the ravine. Not being able to see this, I stumbled and fell forward on my right hip, breaking the bone of my leg near the hip. This fall, which my parents did not see and of which I did not know enough to tell, resulted in a shortening of my leg and making it permanently crooked and hindering its growth.

The doctors were not able to locate the trouble and for several years I was not able to walk. Later I could walk by holding my leg above the knee. Mother was always tenderly affectionate and I recall many instances of her watchful care, especially once when she called me her little limpy lame dog.

When I was in my twenty fifth year and living at Geneva, where I was employed as station agent, a doctor named Cooper devised a sort of splint which was held in place by bandages or straps. By means of this, I was able to walk without putting my hand to my knee and this has proven a very great blessing to me.

The next event that has vividly impressed itself on my memory is the building of the frame house, or as we called it, the New House. I remember something of the man who cut the stone for the foundation and the hauling of the lumber from Humbolt and also of a preacher named Cooper, a United Presbyterian minister, who helped father with the construction of the house.

Once, while the house was being built, I went close to it and a heavy joist fell, missing me only a few feet and father sent me away and told me not to come back again. We moved into the house before it was plastered, and I recall that the cook stove was loaded onto a sled and hauled to the new house, mother and children following it.

When it was known that I was to be a cripple for life, Mr. Cooper, the minister, advised that I should be given a good education and should become a great and good preacher. About the same time, I recall that a neighbor advised that I study to become







a lawyer, but the father replied that I did not reason either by showing high marks, or even get a good education.

My early school days were not greatly different from those of any pupil of the pioneer times. The whole school, old, young, big, little--all sat in one room under the instruction of one teacher. The smaller children sat in front and the larger ones at the back of the room, while those of intermediate age occupied the central portion of the room. The A, B, C, method was in vogue at that time in teaching the letters. I remember even now, how I stood up before my teacher, who held the McGuffey's First Reader in her lap up side down to her, but right side up to me, and how she would point to one letter after another and ask me to name them. I think it was in my second term of school that I, in a fit of obstinacy, refused to continue my reading after I had read a part of my lesson. After some persuasion of the teacher's part I still refused and was whipped for my foolishness. No lickin', no larnin', in those days.

I should, no doubt, have forgotten this had it not been for another incident that happened later the same term. One of the boys was a little older than I put a peach pit down the back of my waist and then shook the collar to be sure it was down. This pit I took out and threw away upon the teacher's platform that occupied the entire front of the old Kalida school house. The teacher saw this act of mine while she did not see the other fellow. As a result, I was obliged to go and pick up the pit. I did not like to do this but stood on the floor near where the pit had fallen. Later I picked up the pit between my toes and then reached down and put it in my pocket. I was then excused by my teacher and took my seat.

I must have repeated the story at home. At any rate, the teacher came to me and explained that she did not know all the circumstances and how she had whipped the other boy for his misdeed. I did not understand what she was saying nor did the event occur to my mind until after I was grown and married. Then one day like a flash out of a clear sky it all came clear to me. She meant to apologize for having corrected me and allowed the other fellow to escape. No doubt she thought that I was a dullard as I certainly was. I might add that I still owe her an acknowledgement of her effort as she had long gone to the better world before I realized the truth of her statement.

With one other incident that occurred some years later, I will pass as uninteresting my school days. There were in our school in my early "teens" some girls who seemed to take a great delight in being as hateful as they could to myself and some of my boy schoolmates and usually without cause. These early impressions were so vividly stamped on my memory that I could never fully understand women or their viewpoints. Nor for many years did I understand women in any capacity and even today, I feel they are more or less strangers to my understanding.

Perhaps the turning point in my school career came with the teaching of J. N. Shippy, who taught our school in the winter of 1888 and 1890. One day he remarked that he understood telegraphy and this led several boys and girls to further inquiry, which







resulted in making some wooden toys and learning the Morse alphabet. Later we put up a short wire between our house and a neighbor's and learned to talk back and forth over the wire. Later this led me to go to Wichita to study in a school of telegraphy and a year later I was employed by the Santa Fe R. R. as an assistant at Toronto, Kansas.

I was assigned later to Quincy, Kansas as agent operator, but this station was soon closed as a telegraph office because of a schedule of pay that had been arranged by the telegraphers union, which was too high to continue operating many small stations. I was left without employment for a time and returned home, but in 1892 I was assigned to the station at Geneva, Kansas, where I remained for about seventeen years. There I married and all my children were born.

In the spring of 1908 I resigned to go into the milling business with Mr. J. H. Johnk who owned a part interest in a flour mill located at Neosho Falls. I borrowed the necessary money from my father and with what my wife and I had saved, was able to buy a half interest in the mill Mr. Johnk buying the other half. A few months operations showed us that the project was a failure without more capital than we could secure.

After this, I returned to the railroad and worked five years as a station agent at Coyville, Kansas. I resigned in the fall of 1912 and in the spring of the following year moved to Iola, Kansas with my family which then included my wife and three boys and myself and also my father-in-law, Mr. Dwight S. Leavitt.

I secured employment at the cement plant, but was hardly more than settled there until my wife died of pneumonia. She had married me when I was twenty-six and never in our married life, had said a cross or complaining word to me. Her father died soon after. He had been a semi-invalid ever since I first knew him. I was very much in debt and had only my hands with which to make a living and the help of my oldest boy who worked at the plant with me. He was almost ready for high school. The two younger boys also helped by trying to keep house.

The next three years I worked at the cement plant and found something else to do when the plant was not in operation. My oldest boy made good progress toward completing high school. Then my brothers-in-law in California wrote me of the better opportunities for boys education there.

We moved to California and I found work there. The boys hepped and we were able to see the younger two through high school and all three completed junior college. The two older ones then went to Pomona College and received their Bachelor of Arts degrees and the older one continued and earned a Master of Arts degree. My youngest son entered the state agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas and attends that college and this time (Feb. 1926).

Note: He is to receive his degree there in Veterinary Medicine in June 1934. J. F. W.







## A WOODLAND FLOWER

Albert to Mother

Granddaughter! Great granddaughter! As you stand before your mirror "with your eyes and cheeks aglow" while immaculate hands, soft and white, gently put into subjection your obstinate "bobs" meanwhile seeing the graceful curve of cheek, the contour of lips and chin. While you watch the rounded grace of your pearl encircled neck, possibly noting the swell of your chest as you breathe this pure air of peace and freedom. Would you please turn away from your picturing mirror just a moment? Please!

Then go with me in memory back to the pioneer home among the "big woods" of Paulding County, Ohio--to the home of John Kretzinger. Let us rap at the door of the hewn log house--ask at the now opened door if Sarah Ann is in--she that is soon to be the wife of Abram T. Woodruff. Perhaps it is she who opens the door and has bade you "come in."

Look at the face before you--long dark hair combed smoothly back against the head (as was the manner of the time), pink cheeks aglow with the best of health, shaded from the hot sun by the protecting oaks that then towered above her head--cheeks never touched by any preparation from a drug store--no, never! Clear pink and peach complexion, soft graceful mouth, somewhat akin to the Cupid-bow type; small thin ears lying close to the head; eyes of the hazel-blue type, full of life and hope; a graceful nose of the Grecian style; full round and shapely chin; dark eyebrows with long graceful lashes--no need of artificial coloring there, for against the fair complexion they stood out as nature alone can paint them. A figure will rounded, though not so thin and arrowy as some of you modern girl prefer, with a little more than medium height, a graceful carriage and a firm, yet light step.

Did you say, "could she sing?" Yes! daughter, even after her voice had broken do I recall how clear and sweet was Mother's voice. It ranged from G below the middle C to A above the treble cleff, a clear as a bell, sweet as a rippling water.

This, granddaughter, or perhaps great granddaughter is your grandmother in her prime. This is that "fairest flower of the woodland" whom the fates decreed later was to be transplanted to the wind swept prairies of Kansas, where hot winds were to take the roses out of the cheeks--to burn them brown. Privations, hardships of a pioneer life and care of a big family came to spoil her beauty. How like Evangeline, "each year stole something of her beauty." Through it all her loving soul, her devotion to her children and her self sacrifice remained forever the same. Now fair daughter, you may turn back to your mirror. How much of her beauty, both of body and soul, was transmitted to you, I leave for the student of heredity and to those that know the likeness to the parent to say.







After all, what you could get is his own portrait. Either he will overdraw her beauty of his words will be as cant to his hearers. I do not recall her as beautiful, save in soul and devotion. If, however, by the mouth of two witnesses a thing is established, "I have at least four who will testify that my picture is not overdrawn—who knew her in her prime and beauty. Small wonder it is that her only sister who had not seen her for a quarter of a century, should say after they had met, "Well, Sarah, I know it's you--it must be you, but I can't make it seem like you."

ek







Sister Mary has sent me her contribution to the Pioneer story and while there are a few items I would change somewhat, in the main it will be typed as written. Such changes as I would make are in minor matters and will not materially alter the picture.

. . . . .

Dear Friends of the Family: I, Mary Jane Woodruff, was born near Oakwood, Ohio, on January 23, 1863. I have very few recollections of Ohio. One was an occasion on which I asked my grandmother Kfetzinger for a cucumber pickle out of the salt brine. I remember her features quite distinctly as she looked at me and said, "My child they are not fit to eat." I insisted and she gave me one, which I ate. Perhaps the salt helped to preserve my memory of her, at least, I have often been thankful that her features were impressed on my mind. I have no recollection of any others of the family.

I recollect quite distinctly a revine where tall trees grew and these were a great delight to me. Late one evening, I stole off there alone to look at the trees and to my childish delight, found acorns under the trees. I industriously gathered on an apron full while the twilight deepened. After a while I heard mother calling me and I received a switching for running off in the woods at night. I was told that there were bears in the woods, but bears had no terrors for me, nor half the joy the acorns had.

This incident reminds me that I never had the terror of the dark so common to so many children. I have often felt sorry for brother Jim, who was half grown before the dark lost its terror for him. Often I was commanded to go up the stairs with him when bed time came.

However, my next recollection has a terror for me. We were on our way to Kansas and driving along the high bank of the Wabash, just west of LaFayette. It seemed to me we certainly would fall in and I shuddered with fear. On this trip we camped out at night. A big camp fire laid a cover near it and placed brother Jim on it. He was a creeping baby then, and it was my task to watch him. He was a large husky fellow and more than I could lift and it was quite a job to keep him out of the fire.

On this trip, I learned to love Aunt Cornelia, father's sister, who had come with us. She was father's youngest sister and twenty-four years of age at that time. ~~My~~ She was strong and healthy and of a happy disposition and helped care for us children with a loving kindness that I shall never forget. I can remember, in after years, of mother telling of the hard trip and saying that she did not believe she would ever have reached Kansas if it had not been for the helpful assistance of Aunt Cornelia.

The crossing of the Mississippi River is clear in my memory. I thought we would all be drowned as we drove on the wobbly flat ferry boat. The next distinct memory that I have is of driving west up a gentle slope to our own Kansas home. We were all filled with joy at the sight of it after our long journey of six weeks.







There was a great growth of sunflowers around the house, which is always a joy to a little girl. A few days after, they took a team and plank and floated them down. Later, when I had a little family of my own and was making a trip to Geneva, the children were getting very tired and one of the little ones asked who planted the sunflowers along the road. Florence answered, "God planted the flowers to brighten up the road."

There was quite an orchard of seedlings<sup>of</sup> peaches north of the cabin, and they were loaded with peaches, ripe and ready for use. There were perhaps a dozen of red clings, which were the latest ripening trees so that we had an abundance of peaches up until nearly November and this was most gratifying to a flock of youngsters.

As I look back over the lapse of sixty years, something of the hardships of those pioneer days comes back to me. The little empty cabin was one hundred miles from a railroad, twenty miles from the nearest little town and even half a mile from a neighbor and water. The lack of water was one of the greatest hardships we had to endure as long as we lived there. We children had to go to Landis's house for water often. The creek afforded water for the stock most of the time, but I recall that in the winter of 1874 we hauled water from the head of the creek to the calves and hogs and drove the other stock there for water for about two months. It seemed that always when the days work had been most strenuous that the boys came in from the fields to find the water barrel empty and must make a mile trip and get a barrel of water. No one who had not gone through this inconvenience can conceive the hardship it was. I don't know how we ever grew up as clean a family as we are when I think of the hardships of scarcity of water. The water was often unloaded into the house in winter to keep it from freezing and in summer to keep it cool. The horror took all the joy out of the kitchen and it seemed that any inconvenience could be overlooked except the lack of water.

I will try and say no more about it as it was a nightmare that I dislike to recall. Often when the vicissitudes of life seemed to almost overwhelm me, I have thought of the trials of my parents in raising a large family on the prairies of Kansas. I can remember mother in the early days there. She was of medium size with beautiful black hair, a lovely complexion--rosy cheeks and hazel eyes--cat eyes, she called them. She had a good soprano voice and I loved to hear her sing. One of my memories is of watching her rock her babies in the cradle which father had made and singing to them while industriously knitting.

When I think back over her hard life I often wonder at the possibilities of what it might have been had she had the opportunities and conveniences of today and how much better father too might have done with better than the meagre schooling that he had. In his work he had picked up a knowledge of mathematics and also of drawing and often drew fine plans of the barns and bridges he built. He was a lover of poetry and could repeat many verses from the poets, among them Scott, who was his favorite. As a child, I have often watched for him as he returned from town, Old Kalida, where the postoffice was. I could tell him from the other men at a distance of half a mile. None of the others were so tall or had the military bearing or could walk as rapidly and gracefully as he could. Often I have known him to walk to Neosho Falls on Sunday afternoon and back in the evening.







I know that John will tell something about the teams that brought us to Kansas, how we appreciated them and how they shared our hardships. I remember in later years that father came in to consult mother about selling them. A horse buyer had come to buy them. Mother hesitated about advising but finally said that they seemed part of the family and that she dreaded to think of selling them to people who might not care for them well in their old age. I don't remember that father said anything, but they were never sold.

Father had a deep respect for my two older brothers because of the responsibilities which they took on their shoulders in helping with the farming. Often he recalled some incident of their trustworthiness during his last hours.

There were many anxious hours for mother. I recall once when Charles had driven father to Neosho Falls and at dark he had not returned. Finally the rattle of the wagon was heard approaching and when the gate was reached mother almost screamed. Charles was not driving, but when we looked into the wagon, he was lying there sound asleep and still holding the reins. On several occasions our fine horses brought home some of the family. Several times when there was thick muggy weather and they could not see to drive, or after dark, they had simply given the team their own way and those faithful horses brought the wagon up to the gate as well as if they were driven in daylight.

One of the menaces of the prairie was the prairie fires. They were our picture shows in our childhood and often we sat and watched them on fall evenings. We could see for many miles and the gleam of the fires so many miles away was a beautiful sight that has not passed away. Once we lost seventy-five tons of hay from the careless backfiring of one of the neighbors.

One day Dr. Girdner stopped and talked a while. Mother spoke of the smoky air and the doctor told us that Chicago was burning up. It had been raining so much where we lived that brother Charles had been forced to stop plowing and the Doctor wished that Chicago could have shared the rain and we learned that they did a day or two later. I was taking care of my brother Albert and finally the doctor asked me to let him have the baby. I was shy in answering but would have given him to the doctor. The thought has often come back to me when I remember how good my brother Albert has been to us all. In January 1872 brother Will was born. I remember going into the little lean-to bed room to see the new baby. Snow had sifted in on the bed covers.

During a good part of the summer of 1873, mother had third day ague. She would make a kettle of mush and we would have mush and milk for supper. We had plenty of milk and we children thrived on that food. Baby Will had fever and ague in the fall of that year and the fever got so high one morning that it caused a spasm. Dr. Jones was called and his treatment cured Will. I hope always to remember the baby songs Albert sang dadle dadle in a bass voice and Will ninel ninel in a tenor.

The chills and ague were the commonest afflictions of that new







country and we chilled especially in the latter part of the summer. Many people call it mosquito fever since it was caused by mosquito bites. I remember one morning when mother lined us up to take our quinine. I was about twelve at the time and I refused to take any and finally ran off to the creek and stayed until dinner time. When I came back she asked me where I had been and remarked that I was not very sick to go that far. That was the first dose of quinine that I did not take for a long time and it seems to have cured me.

I went to school to a teacher whose name was Herbert. There were only two little girls there, myself and Eva Heistand. I don't think the teacher liked little girls very well and we were rather in awe of the man. We had a fine time playing during intermissions. Eva was much stronger than I and would often carry me on her back, but I could not lift her. One day she was absent and mother told me she had membranous croup, and later that my little playmate was dead. Often in those days I would see father get down some black walnut lumber from the stairs and make a little coffin. Of course I wanted to know what it was for and he told me it was to put someone's baby away in.

I think people were afraid the croup was catching but we went over to the house and saw them carry out the little walnut box and put it in a wagon and cover it with a blanket. Then we slowly followed it over the prairie to the ~~WHEAT~~ hillside west of Kalida. I watched them take the lines off the team and slowly lower my little playmate into the earth. It was a sad day for me, but I had a beautiful child vision which has stayed with me and comforted me. I was watching the sunset and the light fell on two beautiful women like clouds with a dark shadow between. I ran in and told mother I had seen the angela taking Eva to Heaven.

I recall father's interest in an orchard and how he planted peach seeds and budded the young peach trees. I often went with him and could wrap the bud with a cloth much easier than he could with his clumsy fingers. Afterward he depended on me to show him just where each variety of peaches grew so he could cut buds for others. Since coming to California, I have often wished he might have come here in his early manhood. I believe he would have made a success here and I know he wanted to come, but the terrible journey and the Indians prevented.

In the fall of 1873, father built a house near the creek. More babies came, more hardships, chinch bugs, hot winds, fever, ague, and grasshoppers. I remember going up stairs one hot day. I looked out over the thirty acres of cornfield and saw it whitening in the wheat. The tassels were burning and father told me that the corn was burned up and not to set any more hens.

The school at Kalida offered a meagre schooling but no one had an opportunity to take advantage of it. The older boys did the farming and Jim looked after the cattle and the next ones after the sheep. Father worked at his trade to keep up the running expenses.







I will let Albert tell of his own misfortune. No one can feel it as he did. Today it seemed that my heart would stand still as I waited to hear if Frank had been killed in the Smyrna earthquake, and thought what it would mean to father in his old age if he were.

Someone will doubtless tell of Jim's misfortune. He and his horse had almost turned a sommersault and Jim's hip was dislocated. The doctor who was called first did not know enough to know that the hip was dislocated and when we called another, the hip socket had filled up so that the joint could not be kept in place. The next cloud was the death of baby George. We thought he was all right but after a few days he sickened and died and this was the first death in the family.

I was in the Kalida cemetery some years ago looking over the graves and came to the grave of my little playmate. She, who was so strong was lying here for half a century or more, while I, who was frail, was left to fight the battle of life.

After baby George's death, I made a strenuous effort to get a little schooling. I received a certificate after attending the normal school and taught the Star school. The next year I taught south of Piqua and the following one at Parallel. Then John and I attended the K. N. C. at Fort Scott for a year. On returning I taught in the Ragle District and then was married and moved to Toronto to live.

The year 1900-01 was spent in Virgil and then we returned to Toronto until 1906 when we moved to Iola. Little Clinton only lived fifteen months but all my other children are grown. Two years ago, June 1926, I came to Oakland on account of my health and am gradually gaining.

































MAR 81



N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962



